

METHODISM VS. SLAVERY

cannot be mistaken. Among the last of the
ful life, she gave an annuity to the Free Congrega-
Church of this place of fifty dollars, so long as
shall maintain their 'open and avowed anti-slavery
and temperance principles'. The position of this church
is, and always has been since its organization, no mean
one, and she has been the center of many a struggle
with slaveholders or their apologists, with makers, ven-
dors or drinkers of intoxicating liquors. I am happy
to say the church values the condition annexed to the
annuity more than the annuity, and they thank God
that Mrs. Nowry was enabled thus to bear a dying tes-
timony in favor of those principles which she had dis-
tributed her life to sustain.

With mingled sentiments of respect and esteem,
I am truly your friend,
LEONARD GIBBS.

100

POETRY.

THE LITTLE BIG MAN.

Your little big man is a mighty small thing,
He puffs and he swells most importantly round;
Like a bristly cock turkey he shivers his wing,
And struts about proudly on his ten feet of ground.

By his dress and his mien you might think him a lord,
At least he would like you to deem himself so,
Yet never at home, and rarely abroad,
But others see through his vain-glorious show.

True greatness and worth are seldom mistook,
For there's something in these which all can perceive;
'Tis not in fine cloth or in proud vaulting look,
But the true royal stamp which nature doth give.

The truly great man is modest and kind,
Knowing well that before the all-seeing eye,
His wisdom and learning are paltry and blind,
Though reckoned by man of importance most high.

'Tis better to pass for just what we are;
Nor merit the world will soon enough see;
And if not, what boots it to give it much care,
So the conscience be clear and the spirit be free?

D. R.

WOODLEE, New Bedford, June, 1853.

TO MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

'Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own
works praise her.'—Prov. 31: 31.

Rise up, America! and call her blessed;
Ere with thy million hearts and million tongues,
In one great chorus rise, and give to Fame
Thy noble daughter; she who bravely stood

To assert the human rights and liberties
Of Africa's long-depressed, oppressed sons,
Whose globe inheritance is slavery.
Bless her! from Commerce's busy, bustling mart;

Bless her! 'ye hardy sons of toil, who bend
Above the anvil and the loom, and raise
Your voice with hers, to evell the heaven-born cry,
Liberty to the captive! Let it sound

Till the great city's stony heart repeats,
Liberty to the captive! Let it rise
From gorgeous palaces and halls of State,
From hovels, where the struggling sunbeams scarce

Cheer poverty's hard lot. From the dark mine
Where heaven's own blessed light can never come.
From crowded lanes and courts—on jostling streets
Where strong men in the race of life outstrip

Their weak or timid brother—from the wide
And boundless prairies—from the solemn woods,
The glorious river, or the cloud-capt height—
The waving plain, whose laden breasts proclaim

A bounteous God's regard for all who live.
Let every nook and corner of the land
Raise, blended with her woman's name, the cry,
Liberty to the captive! Let it peal

From the lone sailor on the midnight deep,
Reverberating to admiring lands.
Let Albion's favored lake take up the strain—
Wronged Hungary and Poland hear and smile—

Where friendship, sympathy, and love combined,
Light human hearts with radiant rays from Heaven—
Where hand grasps hand, and kindling eye meets eye,
And brother welcomes brother, let them raise

The cry of freedom to poor Africa's sons.
But foremost from the well-spring, deep and pure,
Of Woman's gushing nature, let it come
From the rich mine of tenderness and love,

Where the bright treasure of God-gifts lie enshrined.
Let the full love-charged soul give forth its voice
For wronged and suffering sisters, who, with all
Their woman's nature, glowing or repressed,

Bear slavery's dread lot; and while they raise
Their voice for wrong'd humanity, repeat
Thy name, dear sister of the scorned slave,
Brave daughter of a land which may yet glow

With honest pride to hail thee as her own.
Rouse, then, America! thou fair young land,
And while thy children's praise old earth repeats,
Let not thy children feel ashamed of thee.

Rouse from the policy which binds thee arm,
And freeze thy great heart—wipe off the stain,
The blood-stained slave-stain from thy brow,
And rise majestic, glorious and free.

Then, with a mighty shout from East to West,
From North to South, through all thy vast domains,
Prolong the cry thy noble daughter raised—
Liberty to the captive! till men see

How many hearts—noble and great as Stowe's—
Were nursed 'neath thy star-spangled banner,
And glory in thy greatness, while thou stand'st
Confessed the admiration of the world.

St. John's, Newfoundland, 1853.

M. S. PEARCE.

From the Worcester Spy.

'NO REST.'

BY J. B. BROWN.

Oh no! I cannot rest to-day,
There's work—there's work to do!
Work for the willing heart and hand,
Life's fleeting period through;

I must not loiter—must not sleep,
Save in the friendly night,
Which hideth with her mantling shade
The labors of the light.

Oh no! I cannot rest to-day;
The human heart and mind,
In many a dark and sterile spot,
Is groping, halt and blind;

And there are burdens to be borne,
And fetters to be broke,
And tress of evil to be down,
With many a tollsome stroke.

Oh no! I cannot rest to-day,
The fies are all around;
And some concealed in ambush lay,
And some dispute the ground.

Then let us give the harness on,
To wrestle or to toil,
Assured the laborer yet shall reap
A timely, generous spoil.

What! shall th' Almighty hand prepare,
A world-bred ripened field,
And we who live and move thereon,
The sickle shun to wield?

Then labor—labor every day,
Forgetting selfish sorrow;
This harvest hour alone is ours,
The storm may come to-morrow.

Then let us rest upon a day,
When nothing is to be done;
If e'er such unexampled time
Should dawn beneath the sun.

And when the night of death comes down,
We'll join the sleeping number,
And in the green and quiet grave,
The weary heart shall slumber.

Bat, oh! the undecaying part!

Will it not plume its wings,

And labor upward—and on,

Midst immaterial things?

The soul—the never-tiring soul—

Will it not rest forever?

And find its rest, its joy, its heaven,

Where labor ceaseth never?

MAN'S BLINDNESS.

Alas for men! that they should be so blind,
And heed as gods those scourges of their kind;
Call each man glorious who has led a host,
And most glorious who has murdered most!

C. MACKAY.

THE LIBERATOR.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June 10, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:
I am glad to receive to-day THE LIBERATOR, with the report of the speeches delivered at the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, May 11, 1853. The feature in the report that strikes me prominently is the fact, that Miss LUCY STOWE has taken a prominent part in the public business of the meeting; for the fact that a woman takes publicly a lead in such meetings, is now beginning to be noticed and welcomed by many here, and will be productive of good fruit in the old country. It is to the women that the men, who are but scabs here, will be largely indebted for their ultimate emancipation from serfdom; and the women will win their own emancipation by persevering till they command a hearing on the platform. They at present largely sustain most of the religious and many of the social platforms which now move the world. It is their own prejudices which in part hold them down from prominent, active usefulness; and as long as their ministers can keep them under the delusion that, by becoming prominently active as speakers and teachers, they are stepping out of their sphere, they will be kept in ignorance of that use of their faculties with which God has largely endowed them, and in ignorance, also, of what is their sphere. The ministers will never point their attention to the fact, that their sphere is to work out their own emancipation from social serfdom, from their right to their own property, to a rational and equal law of divorce, and to every advantage of every kind which man possesses. They ought to sit upon juries, to have votes, to be eligible as representatives, to be eligible to all the professions, to all the colleges, and to receive all the aids for the cultivation of their talents which men, the so-called 'lords of creation,' now have to such institutions as our present social enlightenment has brought into being. They are made to bear all the burdens of society, and it would be difficult for these same 'lords' to make out that what is good for the lord, is not good for the lady. Why should the gentlemen be glorified for throwing the tea into the harbor of Boston, because with the taxation they were refused representation, and how should they be justified for imposing rates and taxation, and refusing representation to the women on whom they impose it? It would be difficult for those who advocate the abolition of slavery to mark where the right should cease and the duty begin. The truth is, that many men are afraid that the superior tact of the women, if they had the same opportunities in education, and freedom in the choice of active business life, would soon leave the 'lords of creation' at the foot of the hill. Their greater freedom from sensual tendencies would enable them to leave those 'lords' grovelling in drunkenness and tobacco, whilst they went on in the higher sphere of usefulness and greater health than the present education and employment of the female intellect gives to the sex. They would have healthier minds, a larger field of healthy pursuits and action, and the consequence would be superior bodily health to that which they now have. It would indeed be a great deal more of the human affections and human sympathies into the principles of public action, and men need not be apprehensive that if they did leave open and encourage high and free culture, women would any more step out of nature than man. Nature's laws will vindicate themselves, in the one sex as in the other, and will have their power and influence in constraining, controlling and animating them to those higher duties which education, religious, intellectual and moral, leads woman as well as man. I hope, in a week or two, to get from a friend the various reports and tracts which have been issued in America, by the Woman's Rights Association, and I hope, if the newspaper which I understood was to be issued under their guidance is issued, that I shall get it from the first. It is a pleasant thought that as we, in the old country, set the example of abolishing slavery, never thinking of the serfdom of women in England, that our descendants, nationally speaking, in America, shall in return light up in the old country the emancipation of the other half of the race through the world, as well as exert themselves ably and well to abolish black slavery in their own States.

To pass on to the question of slavery generally. Let us hope, now that the question as to our East India possessions, and the renewal of the charter under which 150,000,000 of human beings are governed, is about to be brought under the review of our legislators, that the commercial interest of this country—which is the dollar interest here—may be led to see, that their interest is to grant the people of India property in their own land, and that, by giving them freedom, they will make better customers for themselves; and that for that reason, if for no better, they will seek to convert the people into customers, by giving them rights which would create in them perception of wants, and the disposition to work and supply them.

An important paper, which was prepared and issued by the Society of Arts here—the Society which was mainly instrumental in the working out the Great Exhibition here in '51—recently published and circulated, in their journal, a list of the imports to the several nations of the world from Great Britain. This is a most important document, and was issued for a most important purpose, and I should like to see a similar document issued in the United States. It enables our merchants and statesmen to see what state or country is the best customer, and enables our tax-paying people to see how, and how unprofitably and uselessly, their money has been squandered in sending fleets and armies out to support the effete and worn-out royal families of Europe, and to see how the interests of the strong and the many have been grossly and wickedly sacrificed to the interests of the rotten and the few. This is a far sounder way of judging of the several nations to be served, and enables us rather to set up our guide and object the balance of utility, instead of the balance of power, about which our foolish nobility—for 'nobility,' read aristocracy—have wasted our resources, and plunged us into a debt of 800,000,000, besides expending the enormous taxation which, during the last century, has been secured in addition. It is pleasing to see this mode of judging of the value of nations to each other coming into favor, instead of the former practice of valuing out-worn dynasties as the objects of preservation.

Now, as commerce and its sequents are becoming familiar knowledge to men, both parties are benefited—not that money is given by the one to the other, but that utilities are exchanged between them; and if, in any given case, gold and silver do pass, it is in bullion, not as coin; it is as a commodity to be exchanged for utilities in a third country, and thus a third and other parties are in activity, distributing enjoyments and conveniences over the world. Infinite wisdom—considering the nature of the beings to be sustained upon the earth, and the faculties he has given to man, the highest species—has placed the produce of the earth in different parts and in different climates, and has thus made it the business of man to bring them to where his wants most need them, and they are most useful. Men are now beginning to learn, and to have a clear perception, that labor is a blessing. When your government shall issue similar tables—as probably they have—and when those, and similar tables from France and other countries, shall be tabulated, the statistics will show to the world that peace and liberty are found to exist in the proportion in which nations have been engaged in commerce, and been peaceable. Indeed, it is the art of construction placed against the art of destruction. Original sin is ignorance; theologically, it has been the theory of the dark ages. It may be viewed as a visionary Babel, built in darkness, and the immensity of the error becomes apparent as the light of science opens upon it. That is what I mentioned in a recent letter. Professor Stowe said at one of our Peace Society meetings, that 'men lived in a world which was under

the curse of the Almighty.' It is very painful to those who respect that name and family, which I do, for the great utilities they have worked out, to find them impressed with so sad a doctrine. They are a family who have left their

'Footprints on the sands of time,' and many of those who have read—and few have not—the embodiments of character in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' will regret that the Beechers have not yet emancipated themselves from such a theory of the dealings of God with and towards his creatures. May he, nevertheless, as I have no doubt he will, bless them, and make fruitful Mrs. Stowe's beautiful works. Those works will tend rapidly to hasten the day when your labors, without which she would have been by the wayside, and will be as generally acknowledged by the world; and you and the Grimkes, Motts, Martineaus, and other worthy laborers in the martyr age, will, with Granville Sharpe, Clarkson, and other worthies, enjoy the fruit of your active exertions in this life. But how does it happen that Professor Stowe has not, that I have seen reported, mentioned the names of those good and able pioneers since he has been here? To them should all honor have been rendered.

Theology is here, as ever, I fear, extinguishing true religion, by inducing a divided party, instead of an earnest, straightforward loyalty to those who have won and cleared the country. It is not so much that our sectarians and the holier-than-thou in both countries think you unable to pronounce Shibboleth, but that you do not join them in condemning those who are without the right accent. In keeping a free platform for all, whether orthodox or heterodox, so that they are friends of the slave, you put to shame the narrowness of their sectarianism, and make it patent to the world that they are narrow, very narrow, and that, if they kept St. Peter's keys, they would not be catholic, but Roman Catholic.

I am assured, my dear sir, that upon no other platform than that upon which you have built, could you have given the cause of the slave the strength it has gained. More praise you might have gained, and received less abuse; but the cause would not have been the world-wide thing it is, under any leader who had asked himself, What will the world say? What will Mrs. Grundy say? Or any other question than, What is it right to do?

It is amazing how constantly theologians go wrong, when they forget the principle of action laid down by Jesus, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' and the rule by which to reduce that principle into action, 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' But, unfortunately, sectarianism will shout 'Shibboleth! Shibboleth!'

I had intended to write you more on the subject of India, in connection with your great leprosy, for slavery connects itself with all that is evil; but I fear to be too lengthy—for I see, and am glad to see, how full your columns are of the activity of your friends.

EDWARD SEARCH.

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

ESTIMATED FRIEND GARRISON:
Yielding to the same inspiration which has prompted the following tribute to the anti-slavery pioneers from the veteran soldier, JOHN T. HILTON, I would ask its being placed on record for LIBERATOR readers.

W. C. N.

Reflections at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, held at the Melodeon, May 25, 1853.

DEAR NELL:
Knowing that the true and tried friends of the oppressed, who hold to the doctrine that their country is the world and their countrymen are all mankind, were to be in session at the Melodeon, I felt a strong inclination to meet and to greet them on the occasion; and, also, to pour into the bosom of the merciful, the flowing gratitude of my heart, for their long-continued services in behalf of the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no help.

I reached the Melodeon some minutes before the hour for the meeting had arrived. This gave me a favorable chance for contemplation. Accordingly, I improved it by reviewing the field of our past labors; the hardships endured, the obstacles overcome, and the victories achieved. A host of the old worthies passed before my vision in quick succession. I was led to the inquiry—

'Where are the friends whom I once loved so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago?'

I thought of JOHN KENRICK, the two CHAPMANS, JAMES G. BARBAROUS, HENRY E. BENSON, N. P. ROGERS, of the *Herald of Freedom*, ISAAC KNAPP—dear SAMUEL, whose surname was SKOWHEED—THOMAS COLE, HENRY EASTON, and other co-workers of equal worth. I paid my tribute of respect to their memory, and then turned my attention to the few 'valiant men' who had lapped water at the brook under Gideon. Soon I beheld, advancing up to the platform, that invaluable friend and sterling patriot, FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., whose accession to the anti-slavery cause it is difficult properly to appreciate. I gazed upon him with fond delight as he ascended the platform, and called the meeting to order. Soon did I see, of old Julian Hall memory, HENRY C. WRIGHT, like an old soldier, wearing the scars of honor upon his brow. Though he has grown gray in the service, he is, nevertheless, a vigorous combatant still. Following him was EDMUND QUINCY, whose pen is sharper than a Damascus blade, and never fails to penetrate to the vital part. Then came the far-seeing, clear-headed, indomitable STEPHEN S. FOSTER. Close to him, I observed C. C. BURLEIGH, an early champion, who has lost none of his power as a speaker, and certainly none of his interest in the great cause. Next, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, SAMUEL MAY, JR., ROBERT F. WALLACE, and other beloved ones of the old school. Then appeared 'the lion of the tribe,' WM. LLOYD GARRISON, who looked strong to run the race. At the sight of him, many reminiscences crowded themselves upon my mind. I remembered his entrance into Boston, and the occasion on which, by order of the colored citizens, I gave him the right hand of fellowship in his behalf. I called to mind his scanty fare at Merchants' Hall; his sufferings from persecutions, mobs, imprisonments, &c., and the rewards offered for his head, as a temptation to some evil-minded person to take his life or to confine him to the asylum. I thought also of the intrigues of traitors within the camp to betray the cause, and deliver him into the hand of the spoiler. But, 'by the help of God,' he has continued to this day, 'witnessing both to the Jews and also to the Greeks,' that slavery is a curse, and must be driven from the land.

Shortly after Mr. GARRISON came in, I turned my face toward the door, and saw CHARLES LEXON REMOND making his way up the aisle, his bright black eyes piercing every crevice, as if to discover the location of any pro-slavery spirit as a target for his artillery. But he needs no eulogy to establish his fame; this has long since been secured by his anti-slavery labors, at home and abroad. When he says that liberty is his, guaranteed by high Heaven, and that he will have it at whatever cost, then he utters the sentiment of my soul. This is indeed the spirit that I admire.

At this stage of the proceedings, WENDELL PHILLIPS (the modern Demosthenes) appeared, wearing his usual badge, a pleasant smile upon his serene countenance, and took the chair to which he had been called by acclamation on the part of the Convention.

I longed for the presence of MARIA W. CHAPMAN, WM. W. BROWN, and other absentees, to add to the gratification of the occasion, and to stimulate us all to renewed efforts for the overthrow of slavery.

It was strengthening to take a survey of the old platform, upon which we were welcomed and free, male and female, 'Parthians, Medes, Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judea,' and all who chose to stand upon it.

How strange it is that the so-called 'Infidels' should be doing that which is the appropriate work of Christians, while the Priests and the Levites pass by on the

other side! It was a great satisfaction to me to see them still zealously engaged in the work of mercy—still with open arms to receive and console the flying fugitive, and still mightily striving to break every yoke and sunder every chain.

St. Jude, after reviewing the character of those who had gone out from the faithful few, because they were not of them, and describing their end, turns to the little band that remains steadfast, and says—'But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God.' In applying this language in the present case, I believe it justly due, and well-befitting the 'old organizationists'; for they have sought success through the all-sufficient power of truth, and by the strong arm of the great Jehovah.

Affectionately call upon my colored brethren, in every part of the country, to enlist under this banner; for it is such as the Lord of Glory erected when on earth. May mercy, righteousness and peace, rest upon and abide with it ever, in my very earnest and sincere prayer.

God bless you, my brother! Farewell!
From your old companion in arms,
JOHN T. HILTON.

ELDER ANDREW T. FOSS.

FRIEND GARRISON:

We were favored, in this city, on Sunday last, with hearing Mr. Foss on the subject of American Chattel Slavery. Although our bills posted in the city were headed 'THE GIANT CHAINS,' yet but a small number of persons attended in the hall engaged for the meeting in the morning, and in the afternoon, not over a hundred and fifty attended—and this in the centre of the city, and in a commodious hall, in which three hundred may be comfortably seated.

In the evening, in accordance with a previous arrangement made by Mr. Foss, he spoke to a large audience—a full house—in the Roger Williams Church, (Free Will Baptist), an hour and a half, and had the devout attention of a large number of professors of Christianity. His subject was—'The religious condition of the slaves, and the conduct of the various large sects of religionists in this country, as connected with the subject of emancipation.' He was truthful and severe. There was no disposition to spare any of them in relation to this movement; and from what I have been able to learn, the hearers were generally satisfied that they had heard the truth. What effect it will have on their lives is yet to be seen. I hope some good has been done.

At the morning meeting, Elder Foss spoke of the design and adaptation of Christianity to remove the moral evils of the world, and answered the question why it had not done more than it had to remove intemperance, war and slavery, with other evils that existed. It was, to all present, a very interesting discourse.

In the afternoon, the subject was, 'Anti-slavery, as a test of character to the Church, Government and people.' These discourses were interspersed with facts, illustrations and anecdotes, which secured the attention of the hearers for an hour each.

A gentleman of the Free Soil party, on being introduced to Mr. Foss, handed him several dollars, besides a liberal contribution toward the expenses.

Mr. Foss seems to be possessed of a thorough knowledge of the course pursued by civil and ecclesiastical bodies to sustain and perpetuate this 'sum of all villainies,' American slavery. I think there is a large class of minds who need exactly such a lecturer to address them, and who could not help feeling and acting anti-slaverywise, if addressed by him. I purpose writing friend May, with a view to securing Mr. Foss's services in this State, at no distant day.

S. M. W.

PROVIDENCE, June 27.

THE BIBLE CONVENTION AT HARTFORD.

[The following Catholic tribute was sent to Hartford, to our address, without signature, but was not received till after the final adjournment of the Bible Convention. If any of our readers can make either 'head or tail' of it, it is more than we can do.]—Ed. Lib.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1853.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, ESQUIRE:
DEAR SIR—The devil, the god of this world, whom you serve, cause you to drink darkness like ink, to blind the understanding, to blind your mind, that you may not see the truth; and the devil avert and impeach you to embrace the wisdom of divinity. This world, all this great universe, is like a book always open, which shows publicly the divinity; it is a mirror of looking-glass, which presents us on all sides the image of God; it is a concert, which made hearing continually the praises of the Creator.

The Philosophers have read in this book, they have seen in this mirror, they have heard this concert, they have known God; but more, the Philosophers have had science; more, they are originalists for not having made use of science. Philosophers have been thrown into gross errors by the devil and his deceptions. The Roman Catholic Bibles are true books of God. We do the devil that hurt against the true Bible! May the Lord rebuke you, O Satan!

Satan is an incorrigible being; he hates correction. I will declare war with Satan every night and day, and with the world and the flesh, moved by the devil to do evil actions. God is in your heart; he is a consuming fire. He will consume the opinion of the flesh and blood; for the opinion of the flesh and blood is contrary to the spirit of God. No human flesh can move without the spirit—Pew! Don't you swear by your own head, or you cannot render your hair white or black. Take care of yourselves.

The devil is now in Convention in Hartford to decide upon the Bible being inspired by the devil be true, or inspired by God be false. We to you, Satan, that reasoning thus, you cause men to groan horribly in the darkness, as in a black water. Your poor soul is drowned in the water of darkness of great error, heresy, sophisms and paralogisms.

Now, sir, the devil inspire you to hold the infirm Convention. The Almighty God will horribly and speedily appear before you, to dissipate the devil and his wicked counsels which are in you. When God appears, the devil shall tremble horribly in you. You shall wonder at this event. God will dissipate the doubts and heresy from your head and mind, and darkness and ignorance will disappear from you. Remember me, O most compassionate Virgin! Remember Wm. Lloyd Garrison, O most compassionate Virgin! when the devil deceive me in every ways. Deliver me from his snares, O most compassionate Virgin!

Please to let every body read this letter, and let them be convinced that the devil reigns in the hearts of all heretics, of all the Protestants and the Jewish, and Mohammedans and the Greeks, because the devil himself reigned in the fanatics against the Lord, against the Cross, against the Church of God and His ministers. I shall be a hundred times more tyrannical than the devil himself against all devils and his angels, if they continue to attack the truth again, inspired by God himself who is alone the truth. Always, the devil causes persons to be deaf and dumb and blind.

Now, sir, please not to listen to the devils any more. Hold no more Ignite Conventions, or the Lord will horribly and speedily appear to you in a flame of fire, to frighten the error away from the fanatic's head. Sir, please to throw in the fire all the Bible inspired by the devil. Before throwing them in the fire, show them to the Lord God, who is hidden in the person of the Holy Bishop of Hartford. Take care of your soul! Submit to the holy will of God. Honor God in the angel of God; the Bishop of Hartford is the angel of God. If the devil deny, let him be damned! The Almighty God is a consuming fire. He will dissipate, horribly and terribly, by his own word, the malice from the philosophers, theologians, (false,) thinkers, strong-minded women, abolitionists, spiritual-rappers, atheists, and the negroes. Let them all take care of their souls, and fear God and keep the commandments, and let the Prophets.

Another Burning Fluid Accident.—In Kingston, N. Y., Mrs. Abbott, and her daughter aged 14, were dreadfully burned by the ignition of burning fluid. Mrs. Abbott dropped the can while filling a lamp, and the fluid came in contact with the flame of a lamp. Neither of the sufferers will probably live.

In the Connecticut House of Representatives, on Wednesday last week, the report of the Committee on African Colonization, recommending the passage of a resolution appropriating \$100,000 to aid in the removal of colored persons to Africa, was rejected, and the resolution negatived. Vote not stated.

The Washington Republic intimates, that giving so many appointments to William F. Soilers and Secessionists, President Pierce is acting upon the policy pursued in regard to the Indians, viz., that 'it is cheaper to feed them than to fight them.'

The largest plate of glass in America, 16 by 9 feet, was broken on Tuesday, as the workmen were setting it in a window of a Broadway restaurant, New York. It cost \$10,000. Several others of the same size were broken on the voyage.

Another American Yacht Victory.—The yacht of 10 tons burden, named the 'Trustee,' the property of Robert Grinnell, nephew of Moses H. Grinnell, of this city, recently beat all the yachts at a regatta on the Thames. This small vessel was built by Robert Fish, boat-builder in New York.

The *McCalla Valley*.—We are glad to learn, says the *Houston (Texas) Telegraph*, that the Government is determined to sustain Governor Lane in the position he has assumed in regard to the *McCalla Valley*. Several companies of troops have been ordered to New Mexico, and the movements on the frontier indicate that a military force will be soon concentrated near El Paso, that will enable our citizens to take quiet possession of the territory in dispute. (More perjury!)

Free Negro Law.—The law of Indiana, with reference to free persons of color, is so severe that it has caused large numbers of the blacks to leave the State. The Cincinnati Commercial says that it is scarcely possible to pass along the river front of that city, without observing one or more negro families from the Hoosier State. They appear to be persons of some property, and have with them fine stocks of horses, calves, and milch cows.

The New York Home Journal says that the pair of stockings knitted by the venerable sister of Robert Burns, for the New York Exhibition, have arrived in this city, and will be assigned a conspicuous place in the Crystal Palace.

Female Physician.—We are informed, that at the late term of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, a diploma to practice medicine was given to Miss Carrie Brown, daughter of Mr. Samuel Brown, of this city. We are told that she was one of the most thorough and accomplished students in a class of 308. Whether she intends to practice in this city we cannot say.—*Utica Observer*.

UNCLE TOM IN ALABAMA.—A gentleman in Alabama writes as follows to the editors of the N. Y. Evening Post:—

ALABAMA, May 8th, 1853.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:
I have just finished a perusal of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I read every word to my wife. I will not attempt to describe to you her feelings. She is an Alabamian; I, a Virginian, by birth. We are slaveholders. The moment the steamboat with Geo. Harris and Eliza his wife touched the Canada shore, three shouts for liberty, to the tops of our voices, rent the air.

Every man, woman and child, white and black, in the southern States, can bear testimony to the truth of the portrait which Mrs. Stowe, of blessed her! has drawn of slavery. One of not the least excellencies of the book is, that a Christian of the highest style, standing side by side with Wilberforce and Mrs. Hannah More, leads the reader by the hand through the habitations of cruelty that lie before our eyes. He or she can then draw a contrast between the Christian and a mistress and a mother, who was some years since a near neighbor of mine, who owned a little negro girl. She would heat the tongs, and pull the flesh off her body with them.

I distrust that if his Satanic majesty were put upon his *voir dire*, he would confess that slavery is one of the works of the devil which Christ was manifested in the flesh to destroy.

In my opinion, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is destined to have a greater influence for good, than any one single book that has been published since the close of the canon of Scripture. Mrs. Stowe, if I may so speak, is an impersonation of our Savior, going about doing good. The reader at once penetrates the deep meaning of the parable of the servant that took his fellow-servant by the throat, who owed him a few pence; of the good Samaritan, and of Divres and Lazarus. Mrs. Stowe has ended her book just as she should have done. She has suggested no plan of emancipation further than the example of young George Shelby goes. She has left the duty and responsibility just where St. Paul, in his letter to Philemon, left it, on the slave owner.

Our warmest thanks and best wishes to Mrs. Stowe, whose generations unborn will rise up and call her blessed. Very respectfully, &c.